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Sunday, Dec. 27, 1936

Strange Creatures of the Sea



The Chambered Nautilus Bores the Depths of the Warm Part of the Western Pacific Ocean. Only the Female Carries the Shell, Which

Gorgeous Colors of Ocean Dwellers

By WILLIAM CROWDER,
Naturalist and Marine Artist.

THE chambered nautilus, or "ship of pearl," which poets foign, calls the unskilled main," is no very delectable feast, as the birds would have us believe. Living, as it does, in the warm part of the Western Pacific Ocean, sometimes hundreds of feet beneath the surface, and apparently always on the bottom, it never comes to the top unless from the result of injury or disease. But there is one detail of the poet's description of this animal with which naturalists never disagree. This is the beauty of the nautilus's shell.

Unlike the shell of most other mollusks, which is a protective case permanently attached to its owner, the shell of the nautilus is separate from the body and is used merely for carrying the eggs of the female. The male does not build a shell. It was Thomas Incey who first pointed out that the shell of the nautilus was not to be compared with a ship or a boat, but with a perambulator. Externally, the shell of the chambered nautilus is not without considerable beauty, both in form and color; but for sheer, breath-taking loveliness, the pearly iridescence of the internal lining of the shell stands almost alone.

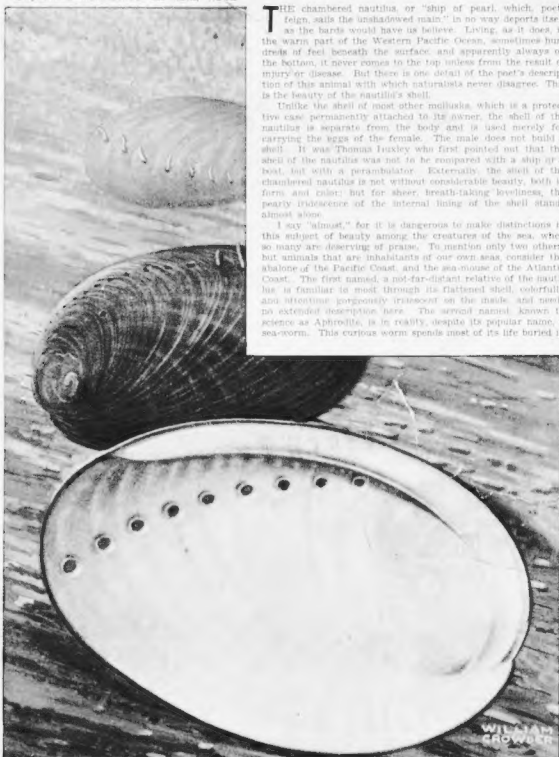
"Lacy almost," for it is dangerous to make distinctions in this subject of beauty among the creatures of the sea, when so many are deserving of praise. To mention only two others, but animals that are inhabitants of our own seas, consider the abalone of the Pacific Coast, and the sea-mussel of the Atlantic Coast. The first named, a not far-distant relative of the nautilus, is familiar to most through its flattened shell, colorfully and minutely gorgeous iridescence on the inside, and needs no extended description here. The second named, known to science as *Aphrodite*, is in reality, despite its popular name, a sea-worm. This curious worm spends most of its life buried in

the sand or crevices under stones along the seashore, often with its eyes showing at the ends of short stalks and hiding its beauty away from the light and human sight. Its back, for the most part, is covered with a soft, fur-like covering; its sides, however, are adorned with a thick growth of long bristles which reflect with startling brilliancy all the hues of the rainbow. As the position of the animal changes, or with every least movement of its body, a hundred tender tints and nuances of color iridescence along the length of its iridescent sides.

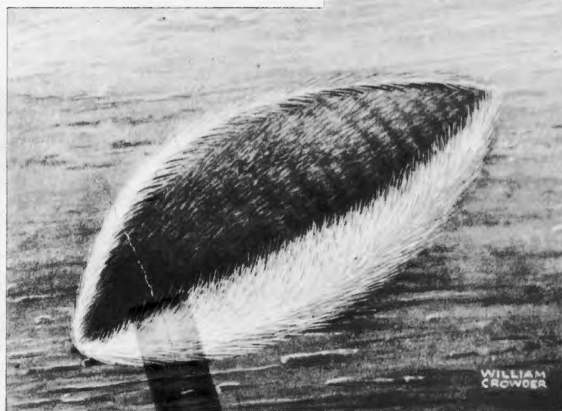
That the colorful appearance of these three sea creatures, and of numberless others that could be named, is derived by virtue of an absence of pigment or other inherent coloring matter, is a common phenomenon of undersea life. The beautiful iridescence betrayed by mother-of-pearl and similar products of the sea is caused by the peculiar microscopic character of these substances. Under the microscope these are shown to be composed of numerous thin translucent layers of material. So thin are they that when light, such as ordinary daylight, strikes the outermost layer, or film, the light passes through and is reflected by the layers underneath, but in being reflected is split up into the various primary colors of which white daylight is composed.

Physicists call this phenomenon the diffraction of light; the layman calls it iridescence; but the true naturalist and the poet agree in this that they each call it beauty. And this, indeed, perhaps, proves a truth even transcendent and more important than the purpose of these paragraphs: it may be that by this token the naturalist and the poet, the painter, too, are one. For certainly it is owing largely to the marvellous forms of beauty existing in Nature that the naturalist finds in his work so much of romance and of charm.

Contains Eggs, and Which She Holds Close With Her Tentacles. These Are Modified at the Tips With Wing-like Expansions.



Abalone Shell From the California Coast. The Colorful Nautilus Lining of the Shell Is in Striking Contrast to the Drab Exterior. The Row of Holes in the Shell Are Perforations Through Which Water Gains Access to the Gills.



Aphrodite, the Sea Mussel of the Atlantic Coast. This Beautiful Creature Is a Sea-Worm Whose Sides Are Decorated With Long, Highly-Iridescent Hair-like Bristles. It Spends Most of Its Life Buried in the Mud or Secluded Under Stones.

Wanted: A Solomon To Create A Town Full Of Headaches



One of the Interesting Spots in the Little Dutch-Belgian Village. The Dotted Line Shows the Curious Boundary. The Whitewashed Part of the House on the Right is on Belgian Soil, and the Land Around It Belongs to Holland, as Indicated by the Letters H and B.

JUST over the Dutch-Belgian frontier, completely surrounded by Dutch territory, is a triangular patch of ground occupied by the resident citizens of the town of Baarle.

Baarle, although it's all of a piece, is politically and legally a couple of places, one of them Belgian and the other Dutch. The Belgians call their half Baarle-Hertog and the Dutchmen refer to their half as Baarle-Nassau.

But socially and economically Baarle-Hertog and Baarle-Nassau form a unit and the imaginary dividing line between the two parts of the whole is a sometimes jagged, sometimes running straight that has been running for many years and still has the citizens and the city fathers trying to get their affairs straight.

As the photographs on this page show, the border line is a stunner. Here it runs right through the middle of a street. There it cuts through a house or an inn so that some of the rooms are in Belgium and others are in Holland. In one public building a billiard table is so placed that one end of it is in Belgium and the other end in the land of the Dutch. In the course of an evening's play the contestants cross and recross an international frontier hundreds of times.

But such a situation doesn't bother the Baarleites much, although there



Border Is Many Headaches Over International Problems, the Town Has Two City Halls, Two Mayors, Dutch Territory, and B That Area Belonging to Belgium.

have been times in the past when the Dutch citizens wanted their Belgian neighbors to stay in their own back

yards and the Belgians did likewise. It is the economic side of life that gives the town two mayors, the most headaches.

In a Village Inn, Richard Players Can Stand Under Two Flags and Shoot the Riff-Raff Both From One Country to Another. Right—A Belgian Policeman Comes to the End of His Post and Face to Face With a Dutch Cop.



The situation was just as confusing among the shopkeepers and professional men of the town.

The finance-minded powers that be in Belgium and Holland understood the new ratio between the money of the two countries but it was almost impossible to explain the complicated arithmetic of exchange to the ordinary citizen. The experts, although they did the best they could, never were able to tell a resident of Baarle who dropped in to a Belgian inn over the Dutch side of the line how to compute the cost of a stein of Belgian beer in Dutch money, or a beaker of Dutch ale in Belgian currency. The

mixed-up border town. Although the place is well-behaved, considering its peculiar make-up, now and then some of its inhabitants break the law. Time and again the brightest of Baarle's legal minds find themselves involved in cases that a dissonant, in all his wisdom, would quit in despair.

Suppose, for example, that a Belgian-born husband, living in the Dutch part of town takes a swing at his wife and, having committed the common misdemeanor walks out of

the house and over the line into Belgian domain. Technically he is a Dutch citizen and the Belgian police have no authority to arrest him for an unusual act committed in another country. The law is so tangled that extradition is difficult, or impossible, except for such serious crimes as burglary or murder.

This being the situation, even a minor traffic violation poses complicated legal questions because a Dutch driver, although he might run into another car on the Belgian side of the line, sometimes manages to cross across the border, cutting through the middle of the street, and escape to home territory.

It is said that most of the lawyers in Baarle spend at least two months of the year recuperating from their professional labors in some of the better European sanatoriums.

The puzzling problems that beset the good people of Baarle cannot be blamed on the Versailles Treaty or any other piece of diplomacy following the World War. The peace-makers were not called upon to decide to what country Baarle belongs—and it was a good thing for them that they didn't have to handle this confusing puzzle along with their other difficult jobs.

Baarle's curious tangle was tied into knots by the Dukes of Brabant who ruled over this section of Europe from the thirteenth to the seventeenth centuries. When it pleased them to do so they passed out feudal grants, valuable chunks of territory, in return for service rendered in war, or in peacetime in the interest of peace. Most of these grants have since become definite parts of Holland or Belgium. But Baarle never was cleared up. For centuries it has been as it is today—a town curiously merged and, at the same time, oddly divided against itself.

Tenth Bride for Horse and Buggy Romeo

SYLVESTER PLUMMER, of Olney, Illinois, is something of a celebrity in his neck of the woods because of his good old-fashioned manner of wooing—and the remarkable record of success (and failure) that he has piled up for himself since the days of the Spanish War.

The other day Mr. Plummer, washed to the altar with Mrs. Vida Martin on his arm. When he walked away again Mrs. Martin was Mrs. Plummer No. 10—and she said she wasn't at all afraid that their marriage would go on the rocks, as a lot of other spells of double-kitch had for her somewhat sad-faced spouse.

"Yeah," said the happy bridegroom in answering the questions of the local reporter, "I courted my wife here, just like I did the others, from behind the dashboard of a buggy and with the old horse wailing about not to front. I don't care what they say about these winged automobiles. You can't do better than ride in a buggy if it's someone that's on your mind."

The divorced, twice-married motor car, according to the Romance of Olney, Illinois, doesn't give a fellow time to do a thorough job of courting—unless, of course, he spends as much time parked in some sylvan spot as he does turning up the highway.

It is this veteran's emphatic opinion that love-making is a job that shouldn't be rushed. "When you take your girl out for a ride, a conservative pace helps her to understand and appreciate what you're saying to her, and you have a chance with the reins held lightly in one hand, to devote your self to the matter of the moment without any fear of rolling over a precipice or smacking up against a tree."

Mr. Plummer is rather proud of the fact that he has had a total of ten wives in the last thirty-eight years, and he doesn't blame the horse and buggy for the bulk-up of any of his marriages.

He doesn't remember all the details of some of his earlier matches, but he does recall that, beginning with his first wife, the names of his partners invariably were: Mary Lou, Lou, Sula, Stella, Lulu, Sarah, Sarah the Second, Laura and Julia. He thinks now that Vida is the prettiest name of the lot, and he sees no reason why this wedding shouldn't be his last. Hope in Mr. Plummer springs eternal.

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"Lone Star," the Great Cow, Owned by Miss Jeanne Maubley, of San Antonio, Texas, Shown in Front of the Animal. Lone Star Stands Six Feet and One Inch High and Weighs 2,800 Pounds.

Lone Star, the Largest Cow In the World?

Her owner, Miss Jeanne Maubley, of San Antonio, took Lone Star to the Centennial Exposition where she was seen by several hundred thousand people who, like the fellow who pazed on a long-necked giraffe for the first time, were inclined to remark, "There ain't no such animal."

This bovine freak stands six feet one inch high at the shoulders and weighs, believe it or not, 2,800 pounds more than a ton—when she ain't fat. She has a huge pair of horns, long enough and thick enough to tear down

a barn, but she's a good-natured brute and seldom gets a fit of farnyard temperament.

Lone Star, despite her heroic proportions, never has been a heavy milker. The one calf she has borne is a normal animal which gives no promise of growing into a freak like its mother.

The biggest cow has been exhibited at many fairs.

Feathers in a Big Way Amusing Paris

THINK Parisian milliners are at it again. They go along, some of them, thinking up reasonably modest modes—and then they kick over the traces of conservatism and try to interest Milady in some bizarre and spectacular top-piece of the sort that the stately and shapely chorine wear in the naughty Folies Bergere.

Take the hat shown in the photograph at the right. In the minds of a few enthusiastic style critics it is the feather hat to end all feather hats. It has a pull on it that projects about two feet in front of the wearer's face. Outside of the feather it isn't especially new or startling, but it's the sort of chaparral that he woman, with out plenty of elbow room could get away with. She'd have kept out of trouble even at the smart jazz

with anything like that on her head."

The style czars of Paris were not so sarcastic and outspoken in their comments on the creation, but they did predict that calls for such hats would be few, chiefly because the feather is so long that it would be difficult to handle on the street and, even indoors.

If, for some strange reason, such hats should appeal to a great number of women, most of them would have to be ornamented with artificial feathers or by quilts built up of many aniline feathers. The supply of feathers of the size shown is extremely limited and the things are expensive to get in Paris. Some cost as much as 250 francs.

Paris Milliners Are Going In for Feathers in a Big Way, as This Newly-Created Velvet Toppie With Its Huge

"Kink" Indicates. Genuine Feathers of This Size Are a Rarity, So Most of the Large Decorations Are Constructed of Smaller Feathers With Artificial Quills.



Sylvester Plummer, 63, and His Tenth Bride, Vida Martin Plummer, 54. Plummer Wood All His Wives in a Buggy. His First Marriage Was in 1908.

Merry-Go-Round Race for "Daddy" Browning's Millions

Adopted Daughter "Sunshine" Wants Them All, First Wife's Adopted Daughter Marjorie Wants One Million at Least, and Only One Thing Seems Sure--- Poor Second Wife "Peaches" Will Get Least of Any



Mrs. Nellie Adele Lowen, "Daddy's" First Wife, Whose Paris Divorce Is Now Under Fire, Giving Her Adopted Daughter Marjorie a Run-Up Position in the Merry-Go-Round.



Daddy Browning's "Sunshine", the Adopted Daughter, at the left, and "Peaches", as She Looked Not Long After She Was Married.



"Peaches" Browning as She Is Today, and This Would Hardly Know Her From the Too Fat, Undeveloped Girl She Was When She Married "Daddy". But Despite Her Beauty, She Has a Very Bad Horse in the Race for His Millions.



Marjorie When She Was Very Young, and "Daddy" Browning Put Her Aside for "Sunshine" Because He Thought Marjorie Didn't Love Him.



"Sunshine" Who Wants All of Daddy's Estate, Grown Up.



Mary Spas, the Cinderella Daddy Started to Adopt as a Companion for Sunshine, but Rejected after He Found She Was 71 and Not 16.

THE life of Edward W. "Daddy" Browning, multi-millionaire, New York real estate man, was a merry-go-round of women despoiling their rights from him, but not getting very much. The chorus was just fading away in discouragement when he died in 1934, leaving \$7,000,000 and such a strange will that the merry-go-round started all over again and now, more than two years later, is going faster and louder than ever, with a whole new crop of riders, men, women and children; lust, hate and faith.

"It is genuine," pronounced Burrage Delahanty of New York City, deliriously as he read the will. "It is worse than that," argued Daniel A. Shirk, attorney for Dorothy Sunshine, one of Daddy's adopted daughters. "It is flimsy because he has bequeathed more than fifty per cent to charities and some of these charities seem to be animals."

This was the signal for lawyers of the various merry-go-round riders to start trying to hold their clients in their man's hand and pull the rest out of their with the other. The marriage himself held the first show which unfolded a dozen at a clip, to refusing to admit the will's contents to probate.

This contest had been signed by Daddy Browning, October 1, 1934, on his deathbed. Amongst other things it gave his young fiancée the marriage of Dorothy Sunshine and a bonus to the man of her choice, a laundressman. It said:

"My daughter Dorothy is married to Clarence B. Hood, an upstanding young man of moderate means. I hereby give to my wife-niece \$25,000 to be paid as soon as the executor decides after he becomes twenty-one."

The dying Daddy also made a number of other bequests in that codicil, but the surrogate chose it out.

"Then to him to him to him"—on said the legal merry-go-round, in face of the heads of protest from those who had shied on the facts of their legal work done in that direction. Two of these heads, however, picked themselves up without saying much. It was

the upstanding young laundressman who could use that \$25,000 in his business and might have stood up more vigorously for his claim if his wife's lawyer had not already begun to use a strong hope of winning almost the entire \$7,000,000 for his client, Dorothy Sunshine. Under such circumstances, silence would indeed be golden.

When the will itself was read, it was discovered that Daddy's adoption had given over ninety per cent of his estate to charity.

The will directed that after two per cent of the net income from his residuary estate be applied to paying off mortgages on his property, the balance be used for the establishment of the Edward W. Browning Foundation. Each year the income of this Foundation would take care of the following awards of six prizes "to go to such man or woman, throughout the world, who shall have accomplished, in the judgment of my trustees, the best permanent results in each class." The classes were to be as follows:

1. Prevention of cruelty to children or animals or the promotion of peace and international harmony.

2. The spreading of the Gospel under Protestant auspices.

3. The uplifting of the moral condition of the world by the furtherance of methods most successful in decreasing vice, gambling, intemperance, dishonesty and corruption in government and politics.

4. Prosecution of the most serious and inveterate, mental, discovery or architectural improvement in fireproofing and sanitation or the most impor-

tant work of art, sculpture or literature.

5. The most beneficial discovery or new method in medicine, surgery, prevention of disease.

6. Increased production or improvement of fish, birds, animals or the conservation of forests, irrigation and lands.

This revealed a strange and unexpected side of the deceased's character. In this earthly life he had been noted chiefly for ability to make money in real estate and to get into the first pages of the newspapers through his eccentric behavior with women. Yet here he was trying to bequest over 90 per cent of his estate to exalted and sublime attempts toward uplifting the morals, behavior and general health and happiness of men, women, children and even animals.

Like most sublime ideas, these were a bit too vague to work practically. A person with average relatives must not leave more than 50 per cent to charities.

With the \$300,000 codicil knocked out and the rest of the will following, it became apparent that if all the merry-go-rounders Dorothy was "setting pretzels," she announced herself in an interview with a legacy tied up in the court, wealthy but penniless.

The surrogate took pity on the poor little rich girl, letting her draw an advance of \$10,000 to pay her debts and awarding her an allowance of \$800 a month, pending settlement of the estate.

Dorothy's most formidable adversary was the famous "Peaches" Henson Browning. At the time of Daddy's death he had won a separation, but not a divorce from "Peaches" on the ground of desertion. This did not prevent her from being his widow, and prominently entitled to a dower right of one-third. On a merry-go-round, everyone matches for the yellow ring, which entitles the winner to another ride. Peaches, having gotten the yellow wedding ring

on her previous ride, now thought it entitled her this post-nuptial one.

It was a nervously transfigured Peaches. At the age of fifteen she had been buried into the public eye with such a blast of publicity as rarely fails to make a complete lot of even a well-balanced and mature woman, while this child's understanding seemed to be mostly in her ankles. After her separation from Daddy she went into vaudeville and, it is said, made as much as \$125,000 one year. Also she underwent an operation for melting the fat away from her ankles.

But there were other miraculous improvements in face, figure and general pose which cannot be explained unless one accepts her theory that it is the result of being happily married. After Daddy's death she married Bernard Hyatt and between attempts to climb onto the merry-go-round in New York has been living peacefully in Denver, Colorado.

The other day when she entered the studio of Murray Korman, famous

Broadway photographer of beautiful women, she was so transformed that, at sight of her, the beauty expert backed into his own camera.

He said, with awe, "She has become really and truly beautiful. And you wouldn't know she was worrying over a \$4,000,000 inheritance fight, would you?"

But Peaches had plenty to worry about. In the first place Daddy had placed the bulk of his fortune in real estate in the Edbro Corporation, so constructed that it would be an almost insurmountable obstacle to attempt by her to get any of it. What she hoped to collect, without opposition, was her third of his unimpaired real estate, once valued at \$3,000,000 but now shrunk to \$700,000. Her dower right in the income of this would be only about \$6,000 a year.

However, that was not to be accepted at, but when she started to climb onto the merry-go-round with that as her ticket, Dorothy's lawyer knocked her almost speechless with the announcement that before collecting anything she would have to prove she was ever married to Mr. Browning.

"Why what an idea! Everybody who read the papers knew they had been married. And the knot had been tied so tightly that she could not get a divorce when she tried."

"True, there was a ceremony," agreed the lawyer, but went on to explain that Mr. Browning's Paris divorce from his first wife, Nellie Adele Lowen, was not valid because both Mr. and Mrs. Browning had left the jurisdiction of the French courts before the decree was handed down.

In these words Nellie Adele Lowen, clothed in the majesty of the only rightful widow of a man who had left \$7,000,000, started to climb onto the merry-go-round.

Bang! A low moan and a dull, sickening thud. Somebody had hit poor Nellie with a waiver of all her wily rights, which she had signed in consideration of an annual income. Her lawyer then tried to boost Nellie's adopted daughter, Marjorie, on for a ride, on the strength of an alleged million-dollar contract with the deceased.

Browning married Nellie Adele Lowen, of New York, in 1915, and seems to have gotten the adopting idea from her because she had already adopted this same Marjorie. Browning was supposed to be co-adopter of the child, but didn't, or at least, said he did not because the girl failed to show him proper respect and affection. Daddy and Nellie didn't get on well either, but stuck it out almost years.

Then Daddy adopted a daughter all

for himself, a pretty-four-year-old girl, Dorothy, whom he named "Dorothy Sunshine," and who now looks like the winner of the main prize of the Browning \$7,000,000 sweepstakes.

After a few months Daddy thought that Dorothy might be lonely. He decided to adopt a sister for her, and on July 5, 1925, he advertised in a New York paper, offering to adopt a pretty girl, about 14 years of age. He was flooded with replies and finally decided on adopting Mary Louise Hyatt. It was only after he had adopted Mary Louise legally that he found out that she wasn't in her teens but was really 21 years old. Then he decided that he didn't want to have anything to do with her. She has since remarried and, if she is looking longingly at that merry-go-round, she is practically certain to draw no more.

Then came the incident of "Peaches" Henson, who, he announced, would be his bride as soon as she was sweet sixteen. She was accompanied by mysterious acid-brooding and handsome parents, alleged to have come from a ten-cent store. They soon parted, each going the other for separation, but Dorothy getting him.

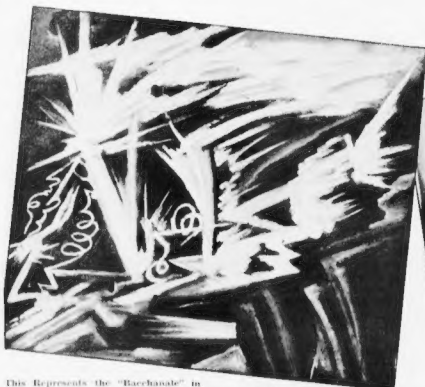
Feeling the infirmities of age and women creeping on him, Daddy decided to fix his affairs so that none would get more than he wanted her to have. He decided that "Peaches" had humiliated him, and since he had provided for his first wife, Nellie, she was out too, nor did he want disrespectful Marjorie to collect.

He would put all of this in a codicil to his will, he told himself, and also provide for Dorothy Sunshine, whom he had adopted several years after he had written his will. And so, on August 28, 1930, he added the first codicil to his will. In it he provided the \$10,000 a year for Dorothy Sunshine until she was 21 years old, after which she was to get \$25,000 a year for life. Then he went on to take a lengthy jolt at "Peaches," in which he wrote:

"Our marital relationship has been unhappy, she having left me, and by her acts caused me to lose all my love and affection for her and causing me great mental distress and worries. It is now my wish that my said wife shall not share in any of my personal or other estate, and because of her conduct as herein stated, I hereby order, I disinherit her from any of the benefits of my estate, except such interest as the law provides for her."

That was the first codicil and it was not thrown out, but the "interest" is only that \$6,000 "Peaches" may have in that "Paris divorce" provision. Meanwhile the money, like the music in the song, goes round and round, but most of it will probably come out where Dorothy Sunshine is happily waiting.

Now The Modern Artists Are Painting Music



This Represents the "Rachmaninoff" in the Fourth Movement of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, and if You Don't Believe It, Consider the Explosiveness of the Motif Which Coincides With the Musical Theme.

NO ONE is surprised if composers dub their compositions "The Maiden's Prayer," "Pastoral," "Empire in Blue," or give them other titles that evoke a picture, a landscape, a color, or anything that can be visualized by the eye. A vision, a view, a mood of color, a timbre, a harmony, a garden in the sunshine may be translated to a musician into melodic sound. Why should it not be the same, the other way round? Why should not music be the source of inspiration to create color and form?

This is the trend of thought followed by a new school of painting in Vienna. It is a sort of psychological experiment sponsored by Professor Rainer, who has made it his life's work to encourage and observe the spontaneous reactions of children and young artists to music. Professor Rainer's method consists of having some well-known masterpiece of music performed for his class—the radio is frequently used for this purpose—which sets listening in rapid silence, with closed eyes, allowing the music to evoke visions of form and color in their minds' eye. The pupils are then required to put their visions, inspired by the previously-heard symphony or overture, on canvas or paper.

The Painter, Gentle Grief Expressed by Schubert's Simple Melody, "The Maiden's Complaint," Is Represented by This Rhythmic Portrait in Yellow, Blue, Green and Gray.



The different reactions of the various pupils are interesting to compare, the most striking circumstances being that, although no previous discussion of the "subject" to be painted is allowed, the visualized impressions of music are in most cases not very different from each other.



Haydn's "Creation" Is Here Pictured on Canvas. Note the Baroque, Stuffed But Powerful Style Strikingly Expressed in Green, Blue and Yellow Arabesque Curves and Whorls.

Sometimes Professor Rainer sets his pupils to discussing the visual impressions produced by a piece of music, and encourages them to make a collective effort to put the music on canvas. It is interesting and amusing to listen to a heated argument among the young artists as to whether a certain cadence is red or yellow, or whether a snatch of melody evokes an impression of towering skyscrapers, or the downward sweep of weeping willows.

Children whose perceptions have not been limited," says Professor Rainer, "perceive sounds and even the letters of the alphabet, in certain colors. Seven out of ten children questioned in the right way, if they see that you are neither trying to make fun of them nor to influence them, will tell you that 'a' is a smoky-gray color, 'e' is purple, and 's' is a light yellow. 'T' is most of them, is a dark sea-green, 'r' a bright coppery blue. I have made children paint the alphabet as they see it, and their conception of the colors of letters is surprisingly alike.

"I am sure that if we continue these experiments and observations, we will come to remarkably interesting psychological conclusions concerning the reason why these reactions to sound are translated into color in this manner. There is a pre-form subconscious connection between the senses, which was certainly stronger in primitive man than it is today. But if it is encouraged to develop it will bring in light unsuspected sources of artistic inspiration."

The picture of "Empire in Blue," reproduced on this page in red, of course, have the color that Professor Rainer's pupils put in them in an attempt to express visually sounds they heard over the radio and through the sound chambers of phonographs. But they do show a strange forecast that the artists get when they go to work with brush and crayon to set down the emotional images that different kinds of music set up in their minds.

The canvas at the extreme left of the page, the one inspired by the responsive fourth movement of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, is a study in black and purple lightning flashes. The picture beside this wild portrait of society is a smooth study in flowing ripples of pale yellow, soft blues, greens and grays. It is a visualization of Schubert's gentle composition, "The Maiden's Complaint."

The painting that suggests a transcendence of the struggle of deep browns, blues and golden yellows, the spirit of Bruckner's "English Symphony," the part of it which is made up of slow, stately and dignified measures.

Connecticut Farm's Strange Canine-Canary Alliance

THE terrier shown in the series of pictures at the right is not, by tradition or breeding, a "kitchen" dog. Unlike his cousins, the pointers and setters, he doesn't find it natural to go out in the woods and fields to locate quail, partridge and pheasants, and stand head with his nose almost where the birds are hiding.

But he's a "kitchen" dog for all that and the credit for his friendly attitude toward two canaries is largely due to the patience of his owner, Mrs. Joseph Watson, of Valletown, Connecticut, who trained her pet, not to mention the canaries, to get along amicably with each other and perform stunts that a professional dog-show trainer wouldn't find easy to teach.

The wonder seen in the top picture is a canary who answers to the name of Pete. It was with him that Mrs. Watson began to work when she started the course of training that made the unusual trick shown in the series of snapshots possible. Pete was taken from his cage and placed gently on the dog's snout. At first, he didn't like the idea and neither did his four-footed pal. He'd fly off the hairy perch and the pup wouldn't stand still.

Day after day and week after week, Mrs. Watson brought the canary and the dog together and put the bird on the dog's tail. Finally the pets became used to the procedure and to each other. Toward his snout still and placed gently on the dog's snout, he'd fly off the hairy perch and the pup wouldn't stand still.

Then the other canary was brought into the picture and picked up what was expected of him much more quickly than Pete did—because he was more intelligent, but because he saw Pete on the strange perch and imitated him, believing that everything was all right.

Now and then the dog, as he is doing in



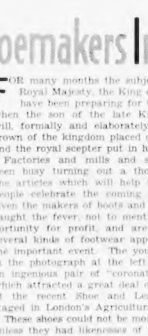
the middle picture, turns around to have a look at his feathered friend, but he makes no attempt to shake them off his tail and will hold the pose as long as his mistress tells him to.

Even when the dog and the canaries aren't doing their trick for the amusement of Mrs. Watson's friends, they are the best of pals and not at all afraid of one another. The pup can stick his nose right in the comfortable cage where the birds are feeding, without making them nervous.

Left—What's That? The Terrier Is Holding the Pose as He Takes Something Aboard on His Stubby Tail. "It'll turn slowly," he thinks. Below—"Oh, so it's you, Pete!" he observes. And There Is Pete the Canary on His Pal's Stump of a Tail, Using It for a Perch.



Right—What, another one? Yes, it's the Mate of Pete, Also a Friend of Towser. The Birds and the Dog (Which Isn't Strictly a Bird Dog) Are Firm Friends and Playmates.



Climbs Alpine Peaks On One Leg

THERE isn't a professional mountain climber in all of Switzerland who doesn't take his feathered cap off to Roger Tschumi, the daring young mountaineer in the extraordinary photograph at the right.

So far as he knows, he is the only one-legged mountain climber in the world and, every year, he scales peaks that many a veteran climber with a complete set of arms and legs wouldn't attempt. The photographer who snapped the picture of Mr. Tschumi during one of his ascents of a peak not far from Geneva, after a long and arduous climb, admitted that he couldn't keep up with the one-legged athlete and finally refused to follow him up to his precarious perch, although he himself is a climber of skill and experience.

Eight years ago, when Tschumi was an athletic youngster of nineteen, he lost his right leg in an accident. At the time he was one of the best mountaineers in Switzerland and an expert on skins. He refused to give up these sports and designed a special pair of crutches which enabled him to travel on skin, after he had recovered from his mishap.

Within a year he had learned the trick of balancing on his one leg and the crutches so that he could get along with all except the best of the performers on the steep cliffs.

He developed the muscles of his one leg by special exercises and worked out a system of depending much more on his arms and hands than the average person does. And when he felt that he was fit, he again took up mountain climbing, although his friends advised him against it. He discovered that the missing leg was little handicap to him on the steep cliffs.



Roger Tschumi, the One-Legged Ski Ace and Mountain Climber, Photographed on an Alpine Height in a Pose That Is Both Fearful and Thrilling.

Samples of the New Coronation Shoes Being Designed in England by Enterprising Shoemakers in Anticipation of the Coronation Ceremonies.



British Shoemakers Inspired By Coronation

FOR many months the subjects of His Majesty, the King of England, have been preparing for the big day when the son of the late King George will, formally and elaborately, have the crown of the kingdom placed on his head and the royal scepter put in his hand.

Factories and mills and shops have been busy turning out a thousand and one articles which will help the British people celebrate the coming coronation. Even the makers of boots and shoes have caught the fever, not to mention the opportunity for profit, and are producing several kinds of footwear appropriate to the important event. The young woman in the photograph at the left is holding an ingenious pair of "coronation shoes" which attracted a great deal of attention at the recent Sho and Leather Fair staged in London's Agricultural Hall.

These shoes could not be more patriotic unless they had likenesses of the British lion sewed on them for they are patterned after the Union Jack, the flag on which the sun never sets because the colonies of the British Empire are scattered all over the world.

The stripes of the national emblem are made of red and blue leather and superimposed on comfortable and modishly shaped shoes of white leather. When the "flag shoes" were shown at the fair they were placed on a pedestal ornamented with the royal coat-of-arms and kept flooded with the acceing rays of a spotlight.

The King himself visited the fair on his opening day and is said to have taken more than passing interest in the shoes patterned after the national standard.

It is said that several retail dealers at the exhibition ordered more than 10,000 pairs of the shoes to be delivered about a month before the King is crowned, and the style experts predict that these shoes will outlast any other sort of coronation footwear two pairs to one.

Guilt? Or Guilty Conscience

Science Discovers That Your Stomach Ache Can Come From Remorse or Worry and the Chronic Dyspepsia of Many Reformers Is Caused by Their Knowledge That They Themselves Have Done Wrong



When a Husband Violently Objects to His Food as a Cause of His Dyspepsia, It May Not Be the Food at Fault at All, but His Conscience Troubling Him for Deceiving His Wife, or Worry, or Even That He Has Grown Tired of Her.

A BAD conscience causes bad digestion, but sometimes a guilty conscience can be made to let go of what might otherwise be a good stomach for a while by sneezing several times. This is perhaps why snuff-sneezing was once so popular.

The proper and permanent cure for anorexia, chronic indigestion is to confess one's crimes, make restitution, and take the punishment, but for some people such a cure would be worse than the disease. So they try to fool their consciences into releasing them from the burden of a guilty conscience by the Government's Commence Food, which might be called the Stomach Ache Food, as the organ of social adjustment, make up for their own sins by punishing other sinners. Apparently some consciences accept these good tricks at least for a time.

Such are some of the latest discoveries about the peculiar mental conditions have on the stomach which, in turn, cause revenge on the oppressor, in various ways.

"The stomach," writes Dr. T. Wigglesworth, distinguished professor of anatomy at Western Reserve University, Cleveland, Ohio, "may well be characterized as the organ of social adjustment. In it are reflected, as from a mirror, the social lights and shadows of the time."

Dr. William Brown, of Oxford University, a few weeks ago, described the many bodily effects which a bad conscience can produce. The Treasury Department of every large country has to maintain what is called a "conscience fund." Every few days someone sends in anonymously a check for a few cents to justify thousands of dollars, explaining that this is paid because of some failure to pay taxes or some other financial obligation. Not long ago one of the New York City subway companies received fifty cents from a Negro who explained that he had cheated the company by riding without paying his fare, but that now he had "got religion," and was sending the money. Also he probably got a stomach ache.

Sometimes, but very rarely, the repentant night when his conscience is giving him some advice, permitting the authorities to see if he hasn't forgotten to mention some of his transgressions and if it is right to waive all thought of punishment.

Dr. Brown points out the surprising fact that the "conscience money" is usually given with a protest and does not represent at all what it pretends to be. Digging deeper into the psychology of these fortune payers who sneak up to drop something into Uncle Sam's pocket and run, the doctor believes he found some other crime in their minds which is worrying the individual's conscience, and which is quite different from the alleged money for which the "conscience money" is being paid.

A man who is untrue to his wife or is cheating his partner or has refused to support his widowed mother is troubled by his conscience for these deficiencies. But he does not want to correct them. It would cost too much money, perhaps, to support his mother. The positive would be too great if he confessed his business irregularities. His wife would make it very embarrassing for him, or maybe he dreads hurting her feelings. So he digs up from his mind some time when he showed the government \$5 on his income tax. He pays this small amount anonymously and hopes his conscience will let it go at that. Like a European, when paying a bribe called a "token" on the way off to Uncle Sam. He is



No Signs of Indigestion in This Group, Who Are Not Guests Enjoying Themselves at Some Country Club, but Convinced at Sing Sing Enjoing Privileges as "House Servants" to the Warden. No Evidence of Troublesome Consciences, Although If Any One Should Be Bothered It Would Seem These Ought to Be. Maybe Additional Proof That Criminals Have No Consciences.

not likely to escape the heart-ache in his mind or the resultant heart-burn in his stomach for long. However, if he has the right sort of convenient conscience, this scape-goat, make-shift form of explanation may work for a while.

One might imagine that if this is true, Sing Sing and other big prisons would keep the doctors busy treating stomach aches. But, contrary to expectation, they employ very good digestion, for the simple reason that professional criminals have no more conscience about breaking the law than have wild animals. Crime being their chosen career and business, the more crimes they commit the better. As they think of their successful ones these afford a feeling of satisfaction just right to make them digest their meals.

Of course the crook regrets the mistake or bit of bad luck which caused him to be caught, but that has nothing to do with his conscience, which is as clear and serene as that of a gambler who has just lost on a human tooth. It is a glad of it, and hopes to do so again. That is, it would be if he had a conscience, which apparently he has not. Some of the heartiest natures and best digesters in prison are gangsters, known to have committed a string of murders done in cold blood.

A person momentarily tempted into stealing for the first time, is likely, on realizing what he has done, to make hurried and complete restitution. A professional thief never dreams of giving back a cent even when caught, unless it will help his victim into not prosecuting or at least get him off with a trifling sentence. "Never give the sucker a break," is the crude but unvarying motto of the road.

Even the man who has committed only one crime and been convicted usually soon solves his conscience with the convenient prison philosophy that by serving whatever sentence the judge imposes, less whatever the parole board takes off as reward for not causing any trouble for the warden. He has his account and he is as good as anybody. Also there is plenty of indigestion that is not caused by conscience.

"Conscience does make cowards of us all," said Shakespeare, "also dyspepsia and liars," he might well have added. Dr. Brown tells a story of a University student who developed an assortment of aches, pains and other physical defects and finally admitted that he had cheated at examinations. He felt so remorseful that he said he did not think he should be allowed to have his college degree.

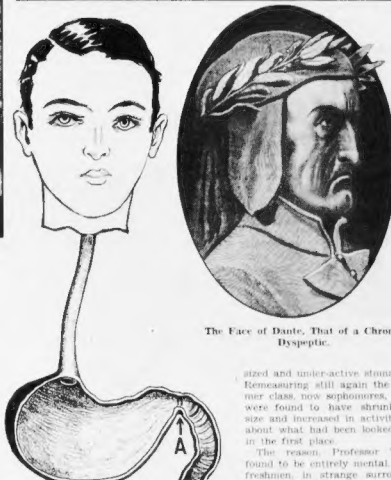
All this, as it turned out, was moonshine. The student had not cheated. What really was wrong with him was a series of much deeper and more serious faults of character, which he was quite unwilling to confess. Compelled to confess something in order to keep his conscience quiet, he manufactured the crime of cheating and confessed it. What happened to his conscience is not recorded but his stomach did not improve.

Dr. Brown thinks, too, that something of this same kind is what is the matter with a great many professional reformers and other people who seem over-conscientious, especially conspicuous about seeing that other folks do as they should. These reforming attitudes often are ways in which the individual concerned tries to compensate the world as he thinks, for something he himself has done or is doing and which is wrong.

It is notorious that extremely active and enthusiastic reformers frequently are people with bad digestions. The real thing that haunts their lives is not fear of someone else's sin. It is memory of some sin of their own. The real symptom that drives them forward in their reforming zeal is less likely to be desire to cure the world than a perhaps unconscious hope of curing their own bad conscience and stomach aches.

Physicians long have been aware that mental disturbances of many kinds can upset the workings of the digestive system but perhaps the best and most detailed evidence of this was published recently in the *Scientific Monthly* by the Professor Todd at the University of Chicago.

Medical science became aware some time ago that in spite of millions of



The Face of Dante, That of a Chronic Dyspeptic.

The Pylorus Valve at the Far End of the Stomach. One of Whose Duties Appears to Be to Act as the Agent of Conscience by Substituting Stomach Aches for Pangs of Remorse.

X-ray pictures of stomachs, there were almost none of normal healthy ones because people do not give themselves up to the doctor and the costly X-ray man until they are already considerably out of order. Professor Todd decided to supply this lack and the handiest material was several hundred freshmen medical students who appeared for his anatomy classes at the University.

He felt then the usual "opaque meal," merely milk mixed with a harmless powder that happens to stop X-rays. With this in the stomach, it is possible by means of the X-ray to measure the size and shape of the organ as well as observe the churning movements of its muscular walls and how fast it empties itself. The examination of the boys' stomachs taught their professor something he did not expect. Their stomachs were much larger than they should have been and the movements of the muscular coat, below normal, even compared with measurements of sick stomachs taken in hospitals.

Now where did all those freshmen get such big and lazy stomachs? They did not know nor did he. Six months later he examined them again and was puzzled to find them somewhat smaller. The measurements of the stomachs studied the incoming freshmen class and got another crop of over-

sized and under-active stomachs. Rememering still again the former class, now sophomores, they were found to have shrunk in size and increased in activity to about what had been looked for in the first place.

The reason, Professor Todd found, to be entirely mental. The freshmen, in strange surroundings, and having heard that the anatomy course is "dreadful" were in an extremely anxious state of mind. Six months later, finding things not so bad as expected, their minds were calmer and the following year quite at ease. But tests showed that at any stage of their course, the "freshman condition" could be brought back again by a reproach from the professor and everyone showed it just before exams.

Everything in Professor Todd's investigations, which now have lasted eleven years, indicates that the big relatively motionless stomach is the cause of mental distress. The small and vigorously churning stomach is the normal thing when stomach, mind and conscience are undisturbed. The worst of the conscience disturbance is that it is chronic.

The next thing was to find out why a bad conscience, a fit of anxiety or some other mental distress makes the stomach swell up like a balloon. This Professor Todd and his associate have traced to the action of the small muscular valve, called the pylorus, at the lower end of the stomach. During normal digestion this valve opens occasionally for an instant, allowing a small amount of partly digested food to pass on into the upper part of the intestine. If the valve were open all the time food would not be digested in the stomach at all but would pass through once. On the other hand, if the pyloric valve does not open frequently enough or long enough food is held too long in the stomach, where it is likely to ferment or cause other trouble.

The right and other mental distress

The Poet and Zealous Reformer, Dante, Watching the Sufferings of Sinners in Hell, While Led by the Much More Ancient Poet, Virgil, From an Illustration by Dore in Dante's "Inferno." And It Is Now Suggested That Dante's Vivid Imaginings of Soul Torment Were Due to Subconscious Remorse Over Sins of His Own.

of Professor Todd's freshmen resulted in keeping their pyloric valves shut either all the time or too much of the time. This not only had the effect of keeping any swallowed food in the stomach, but also in holding back the gastric juices secreted by the stomach itself. In other experiments, Professor Todd found that with only four ounces of some foods, such as buttermilk, put into the stomach, the total contents of the stomach five minutes later might be as much as twenty or thirty ounces, the difference being due to the large amount of gastric juice poured out as soon as the buttermilk arrived.

The secret of the big-stomached freshmen was clear. Fright, worry, the mental effect of strangeness and the like, had acted on the stomachs of these freshmen to make their pyloric valves stay shut. Thus the big stomach was full of gastric juice, partly poured out, no doubt, as a result of the stimulus of the milk swallowed with the "opaque meal."

If every time the mind gets upset from conscience, worry, awkwardness or other cause, it looks up the pylorus, the mitigation that follows is way to understand. But another thing not yet explained is that the pylorus also shuts up during the first stage of a cold, which is also heralded by the better-known symptom of sneezing, and this, for some reason has a remarkable effect in unblocking the pylorus.

In the good old days, snuff-takers used to believe that their habit was a valuable aid to digestion and, if it moved their stomachs free from the grip of guilty conscience, this may well have been true.

A troubled conscience, in addition to his live troubles, is believed to have been responsible for the Italian poet Dante Alighieri's gloomy imaginings. Dante in his youth had led a somewhat riotous life, and when dyspepsia and remorse made him turn reformer he invented a special hell to his "Inferno," with all kinds of peculiar tortures for the people he hated. Dante's portraits show he had the face of a chronic dyspeptic.

There must have been some good reason for giving the mind this arbitrary power to give the stomach and it may, in time, be traced back to some ancient and humble ancestor. Some of the smaller lizards, when caught, instantly digress what they have eaten and they are able to do this very thing will starve to death unless fed forcibly.

Among the earliest animals, their simple minds were devoted all day to finding and digesting food. They must have been single-track minds that could not give proper attention to getting away in time of danger without stopping the digestive business entirely.

Youthful Mrs. and Miss Peters Were Hired to Care for His Goldfish, Although There Weren't Any Goldfish, and Were Fired After Marrying Brothers Who Thought Them Cousins Instead of Mother and Daughter—and, Well, It's Altogether a Very Confusing and Remarkable Affair



Mrs.
Frieda
Hempel,
The Oper-
Singer
Whose
Curious
Contract
With Ric-
Old Mr.
Hecksher
Was
Recently
Upheld

The Rasmussen-Murchison goldfish-tail situation is slightly confusing, but at at reports, the marines had the situation well in hand.

When They Found When the Coffin's Door Was Halted

Like Some Old Melodrama Was the Scene at Farmer Reiman's Grave, But the Mystery of How So Much Arsenic Got Into His Body Is Still Unsolved Despite His Youthful Wife's Arrest



The Reiman Grave With the Sexton Putting the Last Spade of Earth on It as William Was Re-interred.

"F" or as much an Almighty God hath called back to Himself the spirit of our deceased brother. We therefore commit the body to the ground, Earth to Earth.

"Stop!"

The black-paroled minister, intoning the burial service of William Reiman, paused. His eyebrows lifted in shocked surprise. Peter Reiman, gray-haired brother of the man in the coffin, had risen from the mourners' seats and had a restraining hand on one of the cemetery attendants who were in the act of lowering the casket into the grave.

Rev. O. W. Switzer, the minister, had heard of avoidings interrupted at the altar but not of a funeral at the grave. What could be the reason for such an interference? Looking around he saw that the deceased's pretty daughter by his first marriage, Mrs. Donald Baker, was so overcome with grief that she had buried her face in her lap. The deceased's two sons were looking with strange intensity at Mrs. Clara Reiman, who was in widow's weeds weeping loudly.

It must be that Peter had halted the descent of the casket, on account of the feelings of these two women. Strange thought the minister, and not the right thing to do. People overcome by their emotions should be led away. Being the person in command of the situation, he wondered if it was his duty to let the misguided man right. Perhaps he could do this by a gently-reproving look and a shake of the head. Just then Peter Reiman turned a grim face toward the Rev. Mr. Switzer, with an expression in his stony, gray eyes which made the minister abandon his idea. The cemetery employees had never heard of anyone halting a casket already on its way to the bottom of the grave, but they now had looked into Peter's eyes and decided that it would be wiser to let the minister stop.

Rev. Mr. Switzer saw they were gazing expectantly at him and he related his look of prayers in one hand and in the other a rose, just plucked from a large "Herald in Peace" wreath and which he was to have dropped on the casket when it had come to its final resting place. The plucking of that rose was the agreed signal to the men to start lowering. After a moment's hesitation they now saw the minister close his hand over the flower, raise his prayer book and, as if nothing had happened, continue the service.

"Earth to Earth, Ashes to Ashes, Dust to Dust. There to await the resurrection in the last day."

Finishing with the benediction, he glanced again at the coffin, still suspended a few feet from its final destination. Everyone was looking from the casket to him, apparently even the widow through her heavy black veil. But the minister saw Peter, who had quietly resumed his seat in the front row of the mourners, and again caught that warning look. It would probably cause an uneasy scene to ask questions and so like the "Ancient Mariner," Peter held his tongue.

"I must hurry back to town," Rev. Mr. Switzer said in a hurry, in particular. "I have another funeral service." As he stepped into his car a crimson rose fell from his hand. Everyone else took his cue from the minister. If he did not think it fitting to ask questions, everything must be all right and nobody felt like showing morbid curiosity by asking what was the matter. Few had seen or heard

Peter's intervention, and most people know less about funerals than any other serious business that touches their lives. Perhaps some technicality, some fee or bill had been overlooked.

The widow resumed her weeping as she was led to her car. Looking through the rear window, she saw everyone else apparently departing unconcerned, except Peter who was talking with the cemetery men, no doubt fixing up the hitch, whatever it was.

Three days passed and the funeral of William Reiman was rapidly being forgotten in Murphysboro, a mining and farming community of about 12,000 people in Southern Illinois. Some years ago there had been a feud in the Reiman family, a triple shooting and a homicide trial that was still remembered, but this Will Reiman had been picked up in the fields of his wife's 160-acre farm, taken to the Anna Reiman, declared insane and died there in jail. So he surely must have died of natural causes.

Then into the undertaking parlors of Balla-Crawshaw came the widow Clara Reiman, to say:

"What is this story I hear that my husband wasn't buried at all?"

"Well, no, he hasn't been yet," answered the mortician in his most consoling manner.

"You mean to say they left him out there all this time?" the widow demanded.

"No, they took him back right away in the hearse."

"When?"

"Here."

"What for? Let me see him."

"But he has been taken away again by the authorities. I understand there is to be an autopsy. I think you had better ask your husband's family about it."

"I'll ask them nothing but I have a right to be informed," cried the widow almost hysterically.

"I am sure you will be soon," Mr. Crawshaw assured her.

"I was right," Clara was notified officially one afternoon at making time by Sheriff O'Brien and his two deputies. The music of the milk spurring into the darkened door of the barn. The Sheriff began without any criminal growl.

"I have a warrant for your arrest, Mrs. Reiman, on the charge of murdering your husband, Will Reiman."

Up from behind the large black form of another cow rose, like a red full moon, the round, wide-open face of Clara's jail house, to fill the shoes of the late Mr. Reiman.

"Well, I'll be switched, he gasped. "Let me see it." Clara snatched, wiping her milky hands on her checkered apron. She read about:

"Whereas, complaint in writing, under oath, has been this day entered before the undersigned, a Justice of the



The Coffin Containing William Reiman's Body Was Already on Its Way to the Bottom of the Grave, When Suddenly His Brother Peter Halted Its Descent as Effectively and Dramatically as Though He Had Held Up His Hand and Shouted "Stop." And While the Weeping Wife and Friends Wandered, the Casket Was Raised and the Minister, as Pictured on Page, Finished the Service. But When It Was Opened and an Autopsy Held on William's Body, the Reason for the Interruption Became Plain.



Scene of the Picturesque Reiman Shooting Pond Over the Killing of a Dog, Near Which William Reiman Was Found, Supposedly Insane, Just Before His Death.

peace within and for said County, by Roy Reiman.

"That Clara Reiman did in said County and State on or about the 28th day of August, 1936, A. D., unlawfully, wilfully, feloniously, maliciously and with malice aforethought, kill, slay and murder one William Reiman, a human being, in the peace of the people, then and there being, by means of a P.O.L. 802."

"Pardon?" Mrs. Reiman screamed the words in the direction of the farm hand and demanded to know:

"Oh, how could Roy say such a thing?"

"During if I know," answered the farm hand, one of his shoes slipping off the cow's sharp hip bone. Mrs. Reiman went on with her reading.

"We, therefore, hereby command you forthwith to arrest," said Clara Reiman, and bring her."

At this point Clara interrupted herself to prophesy:

"I won't bring me anywhere until I've put on my silk dress."

"Oh, how could Roy say such a thing?"

The Sheriff went in Clara's living room. After some moments of bustling and rustling on the other side of the portiere, the Sheriff knew that his prisoner had gotten into her best clothes, surveyed herself in the mirror and had been fortified by the sight

because she said:

"My conscience is clear. I never gave my husband any poison. If poison was found in his body, someone else gave it to him or he took it himself."

As she stepped through the curtain the two deputies entered through the front door, carrying three large cans.

"We found them in the room off the kitchen, chief," they remarked, as they set their burden on the floor.

The widow sniffed and offered the information:

"Why, that's spray, for potatoes."

"That's right, chief," one of his deputies put in. "But there's arsenic of lead in the mixture."

Clara and the cans of spray were promptly loaded into the Sheriff's automobile, and the party set out for Murphysboro.

At the Jackson County Court House there, Clara was questioned by State's Attorney C. K. White.

"You say your husband was taken

very ill on August 16. He died on August 28. Can you tell us of the circumstances that you felt made it necessary to have him adjudged insane?"

"His mind would come and go," Clara said to her lawyer's answer.

"And he was dragging around the house. I thought he'd be better off at Anna."

A doctor's examination, passed on my petition, the widow was quick to add.

"Yes, we know."

"And he was dragging around the house. I thought he'd be better off at Anna."

A doctor's examination, passed on my petition, the widow was quick to add.

retorted State's Attorney White. "But in view of a chemist's report, which states there were more than a grain of arsenic found in the stomach, liver and kidneys of your husband's body, these doctors now agree that, at the time they examined Will—the deceased—he was undoubtedly suffering an arsenic delirium. The St. Louis chemist who made the examination in his written report to Peter Reiman—"

"Oh, so it's Peter who started the feud?" the widow demanded to know.

"Will's children as well," continued the State officer, bluntly. "Roy, his eldest, argued the war against you. But the other four were in entire agreement."

"Well, they certainly had a nerve to start things at poor Will's grave!" the widow retorted hotly. "It's not Christian, if you ask me."

"They hadn't asked that but they did ask about the death of her husband, in 1930, her daughter Balla, 11 months later, of Lena, in 1925, and



Mrs. Clara Reiman, the Young Wife of William Reiman, Who Was Arrested After Her Husband's Coffin Was Opened, But Later Released on Bail.

Ralph in 1916. Her husband, she said, died of "ascending paralysis," Ralph of measles and the other two of scarlet fever.

Because they found no incriminating evidence except the arsenic spray which most every farmer has, the authorities released her on \$5,000 bail to appear before the next Grand Jury and declined Peter's request to exhum the bodies of her previous family. The dead man's relatives are awaiting their chance to testify against Clara, and Mrs. Minnie Grimes, 22, one of Will's three married daughters, gave the following reasons for the family's suspicion:

"Clara's complete failure to notify us of dad's illness, even when he'd been sent to Anna," she began, "aroused our suspicion. When we heard in a roundabout way that he was there we were horribly shocked naturally. We rushed to see him, all of us, and got there just before his passing. It was the cruelest, most inhuman blow that could happen to anyone; and I tell you, we nearly went down under it."

"He had lost so much weight, he was scarcely recognizable. We tried to talk with him—to soothe him—but he'd be all right. He'd clasp his face until the blood came, and whimper: 'If this fever would go away—' Did that sound crazy? I ask you?"

"That had been a widow for twelve years—living with his children—when Clara became a widow. She engaged dad to do some carpenter work out at her farm and they became quite friendly. Less than a year later they were married."

"We feel that our dad wasn't exactly an enthusiastic party to the marriage, and here's the reason: One Sunday, when we'd all been invited to Clara's for dinner—and she's a swell cook—she and I got into a conversation. Everyone else had gone out-of-doors."

"Clara," I said, kiddingly, "what did dad say when he proposed?"

"Well, she certainly handed me a surprise when she answered: 'I proposed to your father.' 'What?' I exclaimed, and she replied:

"Why, yes. I told him I was needing a man around the farm and that it might as well be him as someone else. Your father said he was willing."

The final decision whether to have an autopsy and let everyone know their suspicions about Clara was left to Peter, as head of the family.

The Reimans had not been much in the limelight since 1925, when, in a feud over the death of a dog, two of Will's cousins, Andrew and Ohio, were shot, the latter fatally, by another cousin, the Robin clan, who was acquitted on the grounds of self-defense.



View of Tombstone's "Boat Hill Cemetery." The Wooden Marker in the Foreground Reads: "Dan Dowd, Red Semple, Tex Howard, Bill De Laney, Dan Kelly, Legally HANGED." The Other Is Inscribed: "JOHN HEATH Taken From County Jail & LANCED BY Bismarck Mob in Tombstone, Feb. 24, 1884." Photograph Copyrighted by Frashers, Pomona, Cal.

THE first sturdy pioneers who struggled across the wilderness of the West are, of course, all in their graves. But with the gold rush to California in 1849 came a new and very different swarm of emigrants. Among these were the miners and ranchers, earnest men who feared neither bear, wolf, Indian nor the bandit or badman who soon followed on their heels to the mining camps and the ranch towns.

Of the few known survivors of this later emigration, there is still alive one remarkable personage—Arizona Bill. Stolen from his parents' "covered wagon" by Indians when an infant, he lived like a papoose in the villages of the redskins until, at the age of fifteen, he was rescued by soldiers. The boy could speak only the Indian tongue, but he knew the ways and tricks of the redskins and became a wonderfully proficient Indian scout with the army.

These were the almost incredible days of the Wild West. Arizona Bill spent his early life among the frontiersmen as cowboy and ranchman, Pony Express rider, Indian scout, Deputy Marshal and Arizona Ranger. He knew the notorious gamblers, the two-gun badmen, many of the stage-coach and train robbers, and also the famous dead-shot sheriffs and marshals of Tombstone, Deadwood, Bisbee, and the other wide-open pioneer towns. He was a member of many sheriffs' posse and posse and then took a hand in "rocker parties", when horse thieves, cattle rustlers or desperadoes were strung up to the nearest tree.

Arizona Bill, one of the very last of the old-timers, narrates for the first time his adventures, experiences and observations of an epoch in American history which has gone forever—"when there was no Sunday west of Kansas City and no God west of Fort Smith."

CHAPTER IV.

By ARIZONA BILL. (Raymond H. Gardner)
(Continued from Last Sunday)

THE man who named and founded Tombstone was a prospector hunting for gold and silver, named Ed Scheffelin. One day he said he was figuring on prospecting out in the Arizona desert and mountain country where nobody had been because everyone knew that it was full of Apache Indians. The "Pachos," as the cowpunchers called them, were a bad lot of killers. As Ed started off, one of the old-timers called after him:

"Reckon what you're most likely to find is yore tombstone."

Ed was still thinking about that when he came upon two human skeletons, bleaching on a hillside. Scheffelin thought he would take time to see if they were any of his missing friends and found between them a pile of fine samples of silver ore.

A few hundred feet away he located the ledge the silver had been taken out of. Ed jumped the dead men's claim and named it the Tombstone mine. The gold rush or rather silver rush that followed quickly built the settlement up to a town of not far from 15,000 people in no time. And in the next six years more than \$30,000,000 in silver and gold were taken out of those mines around Tombstone.

Everybody liked Ed Scheffelin, and when he died they reckoned he ought to have a monument, so they built one of rock and cement on the hill where he had his camp and put this sign on it—

Ed Scheffelin

Died May 12th, 1897

Aged 49 Years

A Dutiful Son. A Faithful

Husband—A Kind Brother

—A True Friend.

Seems to me they should have said how Ed found those nuggets that opened the road to those mines that made so many old desert rats rich—and built up that hell-roaring town.

Many a day I spent in Tombstone while it was at its richest and wildest. Talk about prosperity—everybody and every business was making money fast. Saloons, dance halls and gambling joints thrived and everywhere with their hands out for gold dust were the painted-up vamps. In those days no decent woman would any more think of painting her face than a sky-pilot (skywoman) would think of putting on Indian war-paint. The undertakers did big business too, laying out the gents who died with their boots on and burying them in Boat Hill Cemetery. They called it Boat Hill because they were in such a hurry to bury the dead badmen they didn't bother to take their boots off.

The editor of the town's newspaper called it the "Tombstone Epitaph." He had plenty of front page war stories and printed paid obituaries of the

Ed Scheffelin, Who Discovered and Named the Famous Tombstone Mines. This Photograph Shows Him in Miner's Costume, High Boots, Water Canteen, Rifle and Miner's Pick.

basal long enough to take a drink offered by a customer for playing his favorite piece.

Most any minute the professor and everyone else would throw themselves on the floor while some of the customers argued it out with their Colts. At the first crack even the people out in the street dived for cover or dropped on the ground because as like as not the shooting would be kept up out there in a few seconds. It was reckoned to be unlucky to shoot a minister, but even the sky-pilots walked through the streets like cats, not leaving one cover until they had fixed their eye on the next one.

When cowboys came to town and figured the night had been too quiet, they used to ride out in the morning shooting through the windows of the saloons and dance halls as they passed. Glass was expensive, and bartenders, customers and the painted women not and then got shot. So this window-shooting was decided to be a nuisance and the sheriff was ordered to stop it. But it was some job to make a drunken cowboy believe he mustn't blaze away with his shooting irons any time he felt like it.

Tombstone had courts and judges but the court proceedings were as queer as everything else. Life was dear to the judges so when a well-known killer had given the undertaker another job, the judge usually declined to hold him for trial, on one excuse or another. Otherwise the killer's friends might overrule him with a bullet.

Billy Claiborne got into a gun-fight one day with Frank Leslie, usually called "Buckskin Frank" a sure-shot killer, and was found dead. The jury decided that the deceased met his death by getting in the way of the gun. Several years later Leslie killed his sweetheart, Diamond Annie, which was reckoned a serious offense as women were scarce and were regarded as priceless treasures in that region. He was sentenced to 25 years in Yuma Penitentiary.

Frank had broken the unwritten law that:

By "ARIZONA BILL," Dared

Adventures of the Last of the Famous Frontier Pony Express Rider, Deputy Marshal, Arizona Badmen and the Quick-Shooting, Fearless



Prospecting for Gold and Silver Was a Dangerous Thing in the Mountains Around Tombstone and the Bones of Many a Miner Gave Evidence That the Redskins Had Taken Him by Surprise. From Healy Collection of Prints.

fallen. All night long came sounds of hell-raising in the dives in each of which a man, always called "the professor," pounded a piano without rest. Now and then he would carry the tune with his right hand while his left neglected the bass long enough to take a drink offered by a customer for playing his favorite piece.



Recent Photograph of the Abandoned Old Bird Cage Theatre, Tombstone, Showing a Train of Pack Mules on Its Way to the Desert.

"You shouldn't shoot a woman—not nohow."

In those days it was dangerous for the sheriff to catch up with the boys he was after but sometimes it might be just as bad if he didn't. Bisbee, the copper city, 26 miles away, probably would have been the toughest town in the West if it hadn't been for Tombstone. Its street named Brewery Gulch was about as tough as anything we had.

One day near Christmas in 1883, two gents named Dan Dowd and Red Semple started to shoot up and down the main street while their friends Tex Howard, Bill Delaney and Dan Kelly went through the stores where the best citizens were doing their Christmas shopping. Shopkeepers and customers were lined along the walls with hands in the air while the bandits carried off the cash and looted the showcases in jewelry stores. Dan Dowd and Red Semple were spreading death all around them. John Tapiner was a little slow getting into a saloon and a bullet dropped him dead at the undertaker's door. Mrs. Anna Roberts, a restaurant keeper, was killed accidentally, as the bandits would not have intentionally killed a woman.

D. T. Smith and his wife had just come to town and he was eating breakfast in a restaurant. When he heard the firing, he ran out into the street and said:

"I'm a deputy sheriff."

"You're the kind we're lookin' for," replied one of the robbers and shot him dead with a bullet plumb in the center of his forehead.

Castenada's general store was the first one invaded by the robbers, but the owner was lying in a back room sick with rheumatism. So the bandits covered Joe Goldwater, his assistant, with their Colts and ordered him to open the safe and empty the contents into a sack held by one of the robbers. Joe was kind of nervous and spilled a drawer full of Mexican silver dollars. After he had picked them up and put them in the sack he got his nerve back and started to get funny. Rubbing his hands together softly, Joe said:

"Can I do somethings more for you, schentlemen? Ve had some very fine clodings, vich I would be pleased to show you—some splendid overcoats."

Joe the cold muzzle of a revolver pressed against the back of his head and a voice saying, "None of your guff, shut up!" cut Joe's words short. The robbers then went through the other shops, killing three more citizens and rode out of town with their booty, firing as they went. This little excitement was known as the "Bisbee Massacre."

Tombstone as the county town, and not far from

Bisbee, was thrown into great uproar by this occurrence and Deputy Sheriff Johnny Heath, a well-known character, set out to hunt down the murderers with a posse of sixteen crack-shot gun-fighters.

"Have no mercy on them murderers," said Johnny savagely, "hang 'em to the nearest tree."

He looked and talked fierce enough, but on way it seemed to the posse that Johnny was following the murderers' trail, but was leading them in an opposite direction. In one place he came to in Sulphur Springs Valley. Heath told the posse that the trail turned one way, when they saw enough that it ran the other way. They argued awhile and set off in the direction the posse figured was the right one, and before long had proof Johnny was wrong. They found the five dead horses of the robbers who had stolen fresh out and had then scattered in different directions.

The posse had lost a lot of time and money and was now useless, and so they came back to had frame of mind towards Deputy Sheriff Heath. On the way home a ranchman named Fry Buckles told them that the bandits had stopped at his ranch two nights before the crime and that Deputy Sheriff Heath was with them. This confirmed their suspicions.

Tombstone was then hollering to punish someone for the crime and so Heath was arrested by one posse and locked up in jail. The other robbers were all caught and condemned to death but Heath was only sentenced to life imprisonment. Good and mad at this miscarriage of justice, most, mostly miners from Bisbee, rode into Tombstone and took Heath out of jail and led him to a telegraph pole near the Court House in Tough Street.

Jailer Billy Ward, a brother of the sheriff, thought was on duty at the Court House jail was somebody knocked. It was about 8:30 in the morning and Ward reckoned it was the Chinaman bringing in breakfast for the prisoners. But when he opened the door he looked into the muzzles of six Colts and he gave up the keys pronto.

They had Johnny Heath out of his cell in time and first it was planned to string him up in there in the Court House on the banister of the stairs. But the crowd outside said no; they was a hand in it. Just then the sheriff came up, holding up his hands, told everybody to go a

Photograph of the Last of the Famous Frontier Pony Express Rider, Deputy Marshal, Arizona Badmen and the Quick-Shooting, Fearless

A black and white photograph of a vintage motor vehicle, possibly a bus or truck, with large spoked wheels and a boxy body. The vehicle is shown from a side profile, facing right. It has a high, rectangular body with several windows. The front features a large, prominent wheel, and the rear also has a large wheel. The overall appearance is that of an early 20th-century motorized transport.



At the Court of the Family,
West Farms, He Appeared
as Counsel Below His
Counsel Dr. Bellows
and Rose P. de la
Cruz, San Antonio

[illegible]

(Continued on Page 15)

(Continued on Page 15)

Like Father by Charles Layng

In Which a Young Man Woos the Family of His Sweetheart.
Complete in This Issue.



...on it, and they do love us, and I like it. Moreover, I have you and you love me, and there is to be a wedding.

11



It was a rather formidable company that the Count Lajos Polak faced when he arrived at Grosvenors the next day.

C

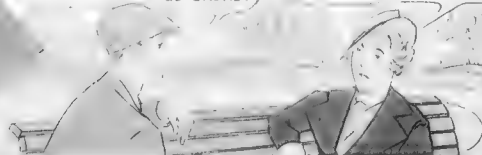
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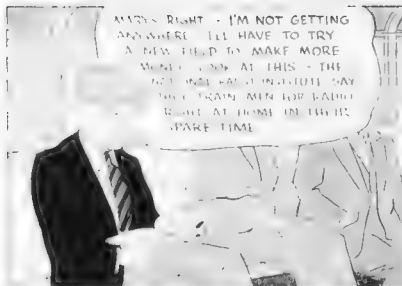
FREE LESSON STARTED BILL ON THE WAY TO A GOOD RADIO JOB

I HAVEN'T HAD A RAISE
IN YEARS -- GUESS I
NEVER WILL -- I'M READY
TO GIVE UP -- I'LL ALWAYS
BE BROKE!

OH BUCK UP, BILL. WHY NOT TRY
AN INDUSTRY THAT'S GROWING --
GET INTO A FIELD WHERE THERE'S
MORE OPPORTUNITY -- LIKE RADIO!



MYRS RIGHT - I'M NOT GETTING
ANYWHERE - I'LL HAVE TO TRY
A NEW FIELD TO MAKE MORE
MONEY - ONLY AT THIS - THE
NATIONAL RADIO INSTITUTE MAY
BE TRAINING MEN FOR RADIO
WORK AT HOME IN THEIR
SPARE TIME



AND RADIO CERTAINLY IS GROWING FAST!
THOUSANDS OF MEN ARE NEEDED TO SERVICE 78,000,000
RADIO SETS IN HOMES AND AUTOS--AND THERE ARE
THOUSANDS OF OTHER GOOD PAYING
JOBS IN BROADCASTING STATIONS--
BUILDING AND INSTALLING LOUD-
SPEAKER SYSTEMS--IN RADIO
STORES--IN RADIO SET, PART AND
TURE FACTORIES--IN SHIP AND
SHORE, AVIATION AND
POLICE RADIO--



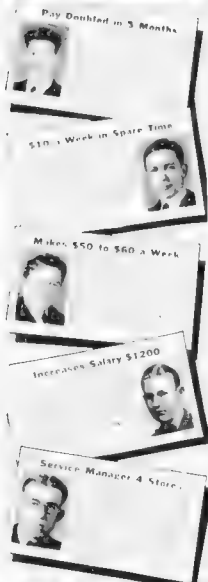
I'M NOT SO SURE I COULD LEARN RADIO AT
HOME - BUT THE NATIONAL RADIO
INSTITUTE WILL SEND ME A SAMPLE
LESSON FREE. GUESS I'LL FIND
OUT ABOUT THEIR TRAINING
I'LL MAIL THIS COUPON
RIGHT AWAY



**Yes, I will send my
First Lesson FREE
to show how I train you
AT HOME FOR A
GOOD
RADIO JOB**



**Here's Proof
that N.R.I. trained men
make Good Money**



...made good spare time money--\$200 to \$500 a
month--and many have become famous as the course that pays for itself.

I Give You Practical Experience

Many Radio Experts Make
\$30, \$50, \$75 a Week

...and many have become famous as the course that pays for itself.

Money Back Agreement Protects You

...and many have become famous as the course that pays for itself.

Find Out What Radio Offers You

There's a Real Future in Radio
for Well Trained Men

J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 7AB
National Radio Institute, Washington, D. C.

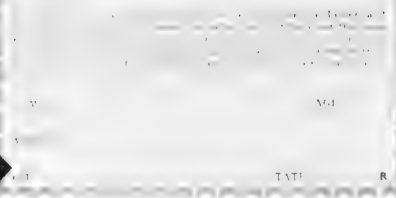
Many Make \$5, \$10, \$15 a Week Extra
in Spare Time While Learning



Get facts about THE TESTED WAY TO BETTER PAY

GOOD FOR BOTH! LEARN THE FREE

Mr. J. E. SMITH, President
National Radio Institute, Dept. 7AB
Washington, D. C.



**A Dramatic Story of Three
Men and a Girl—and Love
in the Modern Manner**

CHAPTER XI

1. 11.



Usually
Morning, Made
Her Entrance
Into the Restaurant
Much as She Made Her
Entrance Onto the Stage, Paying
a Goodly Sum for the Applause

of columns of $\mathbf{C}$ is $\mathbf{C}^T \mathbf{C} = \mathbf{I}_n$.

A FEW OF AMERICA'S
FAMOUS PROFESSIONAL HOSTS
WHO UNITE IN ADVISING
YOU TO "CALL FOR CALVERT"
...FOR A REALLY HAPPY
NEW YEAR



"End the old year right...start the New Year bright...with Calvert."

RALPH BUTZ, President
HOTEL NEW YORK, New York City

"Look ahead to New Year's morning...and you won't look back with sorrow on New Year's Eve. Call for Calvert!"



JOHN KELLY, Mgr. Beverage Dept.
BICMORE HOTEL, Los Angeles, Cal.



"Call for Calvert the last day of the old year...recall it with pleasure the first day of the new."

WILLIAM LITTLE, Catering Manager
THE WILLIAM PINK, Philadelphia, Pa.

"A toast tonight with Calvert means toast tomorrow without regrets."



H. P. SOMERVILLE, Managing Director
THE WILLARD HOTEL, Washington, D. C.



"Greet New Year's Eve with Calvert...greet New Year's morning with a smile."

ERNEST BYFIELD, Managing Director
HOTEL SHERMAN, Jackson, Mo.

"Call for Calvert at midnight, and you won't feel like calling for help in the morning. Happy New Year."



MATT KIREET, Catering Manager
HUNTER CARLTON HOTEL, Miami, Fla.



"Don't start the New Year off a blue year. Call for Calvert."

WALTER SCHOEDER, President
SCHOEDER HOTELS, Milwaukee, Wis.

"Watch that highball New Year's Eve, and you won't feel behind the eight ball New Year's day. Call for Calvert."



ROBERT KLOEPPEL, Owner-Manager
GEORGE WASHINGTON HOTEL, Baltimore, Md.



"Don't forget on December 31 and you won't regret on January 1. Call for Calvert."

RICHARD KITCHEN, President
HOTEL PARKER, Munich, Ger.

"One good resolution for the New Year is...call for Calvert."



JOHN J. HYLAND, Manager
THE DE WITT CLARKSON, Albany, N. Y.



"An inning with Calvert the night before, won't mean a bad beginning the morning after."

WILLIAM C. EMERSON, Maitre d'Hotel
HOTEL MONMOUTH, Newburgh, N. Y.

"Some people feel 'light' when it's dark, but pretty 'dark' when it's light...but not with Calvert."



ROY P. BLAISDELL, Pres. and Managing Director
FORDER HOTEL, Baltimore, Md.



"Call for Calvert...and you won't carry regrets from the old year into the new."

E. WHITNEY, Managing Director
HOTEL KENNEDY, Boston, Mass.



"See the Old Year out...but don't let the New Year find you 'all in'—Call for Calvert."

SHERIDAN A. GRANT, Manager
THE CLIFTON HOTEL, Baltimore, Md.



"Laugh the old year out...but be sure to smile the New Year in, in the morning. Call for Calvert."

A. W. PRICE, Managing Director
KAISER HOTEL, New Philadelphia, Cal.

Don't have a "hang-dog" feeling tomorrow!



"The facts of life", the stark explains.
"Are these—be wise, and use your brains.
And here's a very worthwhile tip—
It's 'Call for CALVERT, and—just sip!'"

We couldn't include all...but here are fifteen of America's famous professional hosts...heads of great hotels, famous restaurants, swanky night clubs, bars and cafes...who, from coast to coast, unite in extending you a really "Happy" New Year...by suggesting CALVERT, best of the better blended whiskies. Whether you celebrate at home or abroad, call for CALVERT...enjoy it in gentlemanly moderation...frolic tonight without frowning tomorrow. Be wise. Make this resolution—"Call for CALVERT!"

CLEAR HEADS
CALL FOR

Calvert

WHISKIES



BUY
BETTER
WHISKIES

Four 151 CALVERT DISTILLERS CORP., DISTILLERIES: BALTIMORE, MD. AND LOUISVILLE, KY. EXECUTIVE OFFICE: CHRYSLER BLDG., N. Y. CALVERT'S "RESERVE" BLENDED WHISKY—50 PROOF—straight whiskey in this product 15 years old; 51, straight whiskey 3 years old; 52, triple neutral spirits. Bottled under this formula since April 25, 1926. CALVERT'S "SPECIAL" BLENDED WHISKY—50 PROOF—straight whiskey in this product 10 years old; 51, straight whiskey 3 years old; 52, triple neutral spirits; contents 51, straight whiskey 3 years and 5 months old; 53, straight whiskey 3 years old; 54, straight whiskey 3 years old. Bottled under this formula since January 10, 1935.